and the new, must, in part, be seen through the thickest cloud; the untruth of an arbitrary faith must, moreover, be felt in the deepest recesses of the conscience. On this account self-illusion and inner falsehood belong to the very being of romanticism."

After such a type would the romanticist portion of the public form the romanticist painter, sculptor, and architect? They are told to do as the ancients did; they fancy also, themselves, that such a consummation is devoutly to be wished; but they know full well, if they attempt it, that although it meets with the patronage of the revival enthusiast, that it will be *caviare* to the multitude, who will declare such attempts to be lifeless imitations. How should it be otherwise? for as Schelling justly observes,—"But as in the great progress of art each gradation follows the other, until in the highest they all become one; even so can, in the particular, no pure culture arise that has not developed itself in conformity with the law of nature, from the very seed and root. The demand that art, like every other living thing, should proceed from the first beginnings, and that it may vitally reproduce itself, should ever return back to these, may seem a hard doctrine in an age to which it is so often said, that it may take the most perfect beauty from existing works of art, already at hand, and thus, with one step, arrive at the last excellence. Have we not already the excellent—the perfect?—why then should we return to the imitative and undeveloped? Had the great founders of modern art thought thus, we indeed should never have seen their wonders: before them also stood the works of antiquity,—around, statues and bas-reliefs,—which they might have directly transferred to their pictures. But this appropriation of a beauty, not earned by itself, and so not understood, satisfies not an instinct of art, which tends directly to the original, and from this, in freedom and primal energy, develops for itself the beautiful.

They shunned not to appear simple, artless, and dry beside those exalted ancients; nor to nourish art in the unapparent bud, until the time of grace arrived. Whence comes it, that we still behold the works of those ancient masters, from Giotto to the teachers of Raffaelle, with a kind of worship and even partiality, if not because the faithfulness of their endeavour, the grand seriousness of their quiet and voluntary confinedness, receives from us our esteem and wonder? The mind which is accustomed to rigorous investigation will never rest contented with the ideas of another till it has verified and found them consonant with nature. To know the principle thoroughly on which the ancient painters, sculptors, and architects worked, would certainly, if acted upon, produce works which would be equivalent in merit; as it is the great feature of a principle, that it may be applied in a great variety of ways, and renders no necessity for copying;—but "art (let us repeat it) can never give the rules that make an art." It is no use looking through the antique or the old masters to deduce principles of nature: these did not precede nature, therefore the principles must have been either innate or founded on the producer's experience of nature; and it is the conviction of some of the most careful inquirers on the sources of human thought, that we have no ideas independent of experience: if so, they must have been derived from this source. *Let us therefore endeavour to understand nature, as the most effective course for discerning and destroying all fallacies and for the revival of truth.*"

W. CAVE THOMAS.

SUFFOLK.—ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXCURSION.—We understand the ensuing meeting at Clare of the Bury and West Suffolk Archæological Institute is likely to prove one of great interest. It will be under the presidency of Colonel Baker, of Clare Priory; and the members will be conducted by the Clare committee to inspect the Roman encampment; the very interesting Norman mound, keep, and earthworks of the castle; the remains of the priory, the house and grounds of the president, the church, &c. &c. Previous to the meeting, we hear that excavations will be made in connexion with *La Motte*, or Castle Mound, to ascertain some doubtful points in Castle Archæology.

* To be continued.

ARCHITECTURAL REFLECTIONS.

AMONGST the innumerable causes for meditation which the stirring incidents of modern times present;—amid the conflict of jarring opinions upon questions of deep import to peace and happiness, which agitate the civilized world; amid the note and preparation of war, where peace, but a few months since, seemed permanently secured, and the fall of monarchies not less powerful and supreme in their politics, arts, institutions, and civilization, than were those of Assyria, Persia, Macedon, or Rome, for extent, absolute sway, and invincibility of arms;—when the standard of revolt seems erected throughout Europe, to summon the disaffected from their allegiance, or to urge the loyal and devoted to rally round the banners of their sovereign;—in short, when the ear is daily assailed with marvels that no longer create wonder, and the eye fatigued with the perusal of strange events, palling, from their frequency,—the calm consideration of questions of art and improvement, becomes doubly grateful, and the change of thought from the discord of politics to the harmony of proportion, a theme of more than ordinary pleasure and profit.

In a former article, under the above title,* the writer called attention to the importance of the due consideration of the state of art of our own time and country, so as to institute comparisons between the existing specimens of our own skill with those of our contemporaries,—to balance the respective merits of native with foreign, of modern with antique.

And perhaps a period more momentous than the present could not well be selected for such contemplation. Whether we look at painting, sculpture, architecture, music, literature, mechanics, chemistry, jurisprudence, physic, or divinity, or any of the innumerable subdivisions of the same extended range of varied pursuits that furnish occupation for the industry, and infinite scope for the invention of the enlightened of mankind, we shall find features as striking, characteristics as important in this our own time, as ever dignified those eras in the history of our forefathers which have received from the general fiat of posterity the title of "learned."

It is true that the extreme eminence of some of the leading characters of those distinguished periods may scarcely now be found; but recollect that it was partly by their rarity they became extraordinary, and that standing alone, as it were, amid a general dearth of proportionate learning, they derived additional brilliancy from the singularity of their position.

Numerous, indeed, are the subjects relating to art that arrest our attention, and difficult is it to say wherein one claims pre-eminence in interest over another; but perhaps it may not be too much to aver, that architecture is a subject of more importance in a nation's history than either of her sister arts. The mouldering painting may be uncovered, the sculptured fragment may be exhumed, and evidences of a refined state of art in ages past thus adduced, but the resources, power, wealth, and greatness of a by-gone nation can hardly thence be ascertained. Not so with her architecture. The fallen column, the deserted amphitheatre, the moss-grown aqueduct, the silent forum, the roofless temple, and the prostrate tower; the crumbling arch, with its half-effaced yet still legible inscriptions; the sumptuous palace and the vast and princely thermæ; the ponderous pyramid, and the taper obelisk; the sculptured mausoleum and the sepulchral excavation, all bear testimony to the extent, power, and grandeur of the people who required them, the intellect that designed them, and the munificence that reared them.

More captivating, perhaps, to the untutored eye of the unlearned in art, more sensually gratifying to the imagination of the general observer, may be the contemplation of the productions of the painter. His is an art which appeals to the senses of the most ignorant as well as the most intellectual of mankind. His advantage over the architect is, that his skill consists in depicting the works of nature, therefore of perfection; whilst the productions of the latter are purely of human origin, therefore of necessity imperfect.

The painter ransacks the elements of their treasures, and combines them upon his canvas according to his genius and his power. His province is, to exhibit nature as she is, with liberty to select her most striking beauties and most strongly-marked characteristics; to embrace her when her elements combine to suit his purpose; to reject her when devoid of strong interest, whether of detail or in combination.

The eternal works of nature are his subjects, their varied phases under opposite circumstances his study. The pathless ocean, lashed to fury by the raging tempest, darkened to hue of midnight by dense clouds, and bearing destruction upon each white-crested wave,—or calm, azure, glorious, and serene, as motionless and extended beneath the rays of the summer's sun it mocks and reflects its brilliancy in myriads of coruscations;—the broad expanse of country, hill and dale, field and forest, the misty mountain and the glassy lake, the deep umbrageous shelter of the silent greenwood and the stately majesty of the oak and chesnut, with their leafy brothers of the forest, clothed in tints as varied as harmonious,—the lowing herd and fleecy flock, with their rustic guardians, and all the numerous classes of rural life;—these, and hundreds such as these, are grateful subjects for his study and attention.

But how vast a field is yet unnoticed in our category,—the human figure!—the perfection of proportion—the beau-ideal of intellectual beauty. And here the sculptor participates in advantages with his brother of the easel. But though the primary principles of painting and sculpture are the same, their subsequent course is very different, for though they both appeal to the sense through the same organs, yet it is through different materials. The painter has the advantage of perspective, colour, chiaro-scuro, and a thousand appliances to aid him in his work of illusion,—the sculptor that of actual form alone: the one pourtrays nature as she appears, the other as she really is,—yet they are both admirable, both most captivating, and though differing widely in character, tending to the same effect upon the human mind.

But architecture is a science, differing most essentially from its sisters; not that she falls short of them in beauty, far less in interest, but that her beauty is more the effect of study than of nature, her interest less relying upon sudden effect than upon attentive contemplation and profound judgment.

Whilst painting and sculpture minister to the elegancies and refinements of civilized life, architecture is absolutely and indispensably necessary to its comforts, its most ordinary, most essential wants. All are interested in its progress, all have a greater or less stake in its well-being. Its beauties are geometrical. Unlike the fluctuating attractions of form and colour, they are permanent and fixed. Yet, though her geometrical principles are her most essential springs of action, even here she does but copy from her great original,—for how clearly may the principle be traced in nature's choicest treasures. In some instances the quality is still more highly developed, even to a positive law of numbers, as in the brilliant and perfumed flower, infinite in hue, in odour, and in form, the bright and glittering crystal, &c. &c.

The history of the progress of architecture, from its earliest and rudest specimens to those of this present period of intellect and refinement, is a study of surpassing interest and unbounded extent.

To read the annals of by-gone nations by their ruins, to draw deductions of greatness, wealth, and power from their crumbling monuments, when they who raised them have entirely passed away from the face of nature,—to unite the broken chain of early history, and supply its long-lost links of evidence by attentive perusal of the silent remnants of antiquity, is a mental exercise of the highest order.

Fortunately for the world, the love of deep research has never been found to slumber or decay. The noble spirit of adventure, the ardent love of inquiry and contempt of danger, toil, and privation, have ever incited some of the most enlightened of all nations to explore, in all regions of the known world, the hidden relics of antiquity. To the mind once penetrated with the burning desire for foreign tra-

* See Vol. V., p. 607.

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